

## THE DOCTOR DISTRESSED;

A SKETCH FROM LIFE—BY MRS. DUNBAR MOODIE.

"So, my nephew is returned," said Dr. Beaufort, taking off his spectacles, and laying aside the letter he had been reading. "What will he do at home?" This remark was addressed to a stout, rosy, matronly-looking woman of fifty, who was seated by the fire knitting, and who acted in the double capacity of companion and housekeeper to the reverend gentleman.

"Humph!" responded Mrs. Orams, without raising her eyes from her work. "Do! why, he will do as most 'young people' do in his circumstances; cut a dash as long as his money lasts, and when 'tis all gone depend upon his wealthy relations to pay his debts."

"He's an extravagant dog; but I can't think so harshly of poor Harry. No, no, Mary Orams; the half pay of a lieutenant in the army is but a trifle, a mere trifle. I must allow him something yearly to keep up his place in society." This was said in a hesitating under tone, and with a timid glance at the housekeeper, whose countenance, now pale, now red, betrayed considerable marks of agitation.

"Oh, your reverence may do as you please with your money, but I am sure, if I were in your place, I would never deprive myself of my little comforts to encourage a young man in his idle and expensive habits. If his half-pay is not enough to support him, let him do as many better men have done before him—join Don Pedro at Oporto."

"'Tis a hard alternative," said the doubting but compassionate doctor.

"Not at all, sir," replied the crafty Mrs. Orams. He's a fine young man; let him try his fortune in matrimony, and look out for a rich wife."

"Nonsense," said the doctor, whilst a frown drew his gray bushy eyebrows so closely together that they formed a shaggy line across his wrinkled forehead. "The boy would never be so absurd. In his circumstances 'twould be madness. Pshaw! he's too sensible to think of such a thing."

"But young people will think of such things," replied Mrs. Orams, frowning in her turn; for well she knew the aversion the doctor had to matrimony.

"And old people too," said the doctor with a bitter smile; "in which they show their want of wisdom."

"I hope, sir, you don't mean me by people. I am not an old woman. It is my own fault that I am single. The foolish respect I entertained for your reverence," she added, adroitly applying her handkerchief to her eyes, "made me reject many advantageous offers. But I thought it better to enjoy the company of a clever man, and contribute to his domestic comforts, than to be the mistress of a house of my own."

"You were a wise woman, Mary Orams," said the doctor, greatly softened by this piece of flattery. "A married life embraces many cares. We are free from them. Our rest is unbroken by the squalling of children and nocturnal lectures. You may bless God that you are what you are."

"Indeed, Dr. Beaufort," said Mrs. Mary, in a sulky tone, "I never trouble the Almighty with blessing him for such small mercies; and since we are upon the subject of marriage, I think it right to inform you that I have received an offer of marriage just now; and to convince you that I am neither old, nor ugly, nor despicable, I think I shall accept it."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Orams?" said the astonished old bachelor, sinking back in his chair, and staring the housekeeper full in the face.

"To marry."

"You are not in earnest?"

"Quite serious."

"A woman of your years, Mrs. Orams."

"Pray, sir, don't mention my years."

"Oh, I forgot; but what in the world can induce you to marry?"

"I wish to change my condition; that's all."

"Are you not comfortable here?"

"Why, yes, tolerably comfortable; but one gets tired of the same thing for ever. Besides, I don't choose to be despised."

"Despised! Who despises you?"

"Your neices, and their mother."

"Mrs. Harford and her daughters?"

"Yes. They are jealous of the good opinion your reverence entertains for your poor servant."

"There's not one of them will speak a civil word for me; and this fine Mr. Henry, you are so fond of, the last time he was at home, had the impudence to call me, a respectable woman, a toady to my face. He might as well have called me a bad woman at once. I have been insulted and ill-treated by the whole family, and rather than be thought to stand in their way, which your reverence well knows is not the case," continued Mrs. Orams, casting a shrewd glance at the alarmed old man, "I will marry, and leave you; and then you know, sir, I shall no longer be a servant, but have a house of my own."

"And who is to be your husband?"

"Only Mr. Archer, Squire Talbot's steward," said Mrs. Orams, smiling and looking down into her capacious lap. "Your reverence can make no objection to him. He is a regular church goer, and never falls asleep in the midst of your reverence's sermons, as most of the other parishioners do. 'Tis true he is somewhat advanced in years; but who can attend to an old man's comforts so well as his wife? What hireling can take such an interest in his welfare, and all his domestic concerns? Gray hairs are honorable, as Solomon says; and he has plenty of money withal."

Dr. Beaufort groaned aloud during Mary's eloquent harangue on the advantages to be derived from the Archer connexion, which he suddenly cut short by exclaiming, in mournful tones, "And what am I to do when you are gone, Mrs. Orams?" For he perceived, with no small alarm, that the affair was likely to prove of a more serious nature than he had at first imagined.

"Do, sir! Oh, sir, there's plenty to be had in my place."

"Ah, Mrs. Orams! for the last twenty years I have depended solely upon you for all my little comforts!"

"La, sir, surely 'tis not more than ten?"

"Twenty, Mrs. Orams. Twenty long years you have been the mistress of this house. What can you desire more? Nothing has been withheld from you. Your salary is ample; but if you think it less than your services merit, I will make an addition of ten pounds per annum. I will do anything—make any sacrifice, however painful to my feelings, rather than part with you." Mrs. Orams leaned her head upon her hand, and affected an air of deep commiseration. "I see the idea of leaving me distresses you, Mary."

"True, sir," whined forth Mrs. Orams; "but

I cannot lose such an excellent opportunity of bettering my condition."

"But who will cook for me?" said the doctor, in a tone of despair.

"Money will procure good cooks."

"And nurse me when I have the gout?"

"Money will buy attendance."

"It is but a joke," cried the old bachelor, brightening up. "The thing is impossible. You cannot have the heart to leave me."

"Bless me, Dr. Beaufort," said Mary, bustling from her seat; "I am tired of leading a lonely life. Mr. Archer has offered me a comfortable home, and as I see no prospect of a better, to-morrow, if you please, we will settle our accounts." She sailed out of the room, and the old man sunk back in his easy chair, and fell into a profound reverie.

For twenty years Mrs. Orams had humored the doctor, and treated him as a spoiled child, attended to all his whims, and pampered his appetite, in the hope of inducing him to repay her disinterested services by making her his wife. But if Mrs. Orams was ambitious, the parson was proud; he saw through her little manoeuvres, and secretly laughed at them. The idea of making such a woman as Mary Orams his wife was too ridiculous; and not wholly dead to natural affection, the indolent divine looked upon his widowed sister, her son, and pretty, unpretending daughters, as his future heirs. But what weak mind can long struggle against the force of habit? Mrs. Orams, step by step, insinuated herself into her master's favor, and made herself so subservient to his comforts, that he felt wretched without her. Year after year she had threatened to leave him, in the expectation of drawing him into making her an offer of his hand. Matrimony was the parson's aversion, and year after year he increased her salary, to induce her to continue in his service. This only stimulated her avarice to enlarge its sphere of action. He was rich, and old, and infirm, and why might she not as well enjoy the whole of his property as a part; and she lost no opportunity of weakening the hold which the distressed Harfords had upon his heart. She hated them, for they were her natural heirs; were pretty and genteel, and young, and disdained to flatter her, in order to secure their uncle's property. The return of Lieutenant Harford frightened her. He was, in spite of all her lies and mischief-making, a great favorite with his uncle. The frequency of his visits might in time diminish her power, and render her company less indispensable. Mary was resolved to make one last desperate effort on the heart of her obdurate master, and, in case of a failure, abandon his house and services forever.

Two hours had elapsed since she quitted the room, but the doctor remained in the same attitude. His head thrown back, and his hands tightly folded over his portly stomach. At length, with a desperate effort, he put forth his hand, and rung the bell. The footman answered the summons.

"Any thing wanted, sir?"

"John, send up Mrs. Orams."

A few minutes elapsed, the doctor thought them hours; the handle of the door slowly turned, and the comely person of Mrs. Orams projected itself into the room, her countenance flushed to a fiery red by leaning over the kitchen fire.

"Dinner will be ready, sir, in half an hour. If I leave the kitchen just now that careless Irish hussy, Sally, will be sure to burn the meat."

"Let it burn," said the doctor, with an air of ludicrous solemnity. "I have no appetite just now."

"La, sir, I hope your reverence is not ill?"

"Not ill, Mrs. Orams, but only a little queerish. Sit down, I have something to say to you."

Mrs. Orams took a seat. The doctor drew close up to her, and, screwing his courage to the pinch, said, in a hurried voice, "You leave me to-morrow!"

"Then I will marry you myself, Mary; for, to tell the plain truth, I cannot live without you. Now go, and send up the dinner."

Mrs. Orams courtesied still lower, and with eyes sparkling with triumph left the room, in obedience to her future lord's commands, without uttering a single word. Avarice, revenge, and pride were alike gratified.

The sequel is curious. After Mary Orams had attained the long-coveted dignity of Mrs. Dr. Beaufort, she attended less to the doctor's gustativeness, and more to her own; she ate more, and cooked less; the consequence was, that fat and indolence increased so rapidly, that before Don Pedro entered Lisbon the newly promoted Mrs. Dr. Beaufort expired one morning of obesity, in her easy chair, leaving the distressed doctor a widower in the first year of her nuptials. He has lately followed his spouse to the tomb; and, after all, the poor Harfords not only came in for all their uncle's property, but for his wife's savings, a destination certainly little anticipated by herself or any of the young branches of the family.

**The Morning Air.**—There is something in the morning air that, while it defies the penetration of our proud and shallow philosophy, adds brightness to the blood, freshness to life, and vigor to the whole frame. The freshness of the lip, by the way, is, according to Dr. Marshall Hall, one of the surest marks of health. If you would be well, therefore—if you would have your heart dancing gladly like the April breeze—and your blood flowing like an April brook; up with 'the merry lark,' as Shakespeare calls it, which is 'the ploughman's clock,' to warn him of the dawn; up and breakfast on the morning air, fresh with the odor of budding flowers, and all the fragrance of the maiden spring; up from your nerve-destroying down beds, and from the foul air pent within your close-drawn curtains, and with the sun 'walk o'er the dew of the far eastern hills.' Whoever is found in bed after 6 o'clock, from May day to Michaelmas, cannot in any conscience expect to be free from some ailment or other, dependant upon relaxed nerves, stuffed lungs, disordered bile, or impaired digestion.

**The way to Win a Kiss.**—The late Mr. Jarvy Bush amused us once with a story told of a brother barrister on the Leicester circuit. As the coach was about starting after breakfast the modest limb of the law approached the landlady, a pretty Quakeress, who was seated behind the bar, and said he could not think of going without giving her a kiss. "Friend," said she, "thee must not do it." "Oh, by heavens, I will," replied the eager barrister. "Well, friend, as thou hast sworn, thee may do it, but the must not make a practice of it."

## EFFECTS OF THE BIBLE.

I was travelling about four years ago in a remote district in Bengal, and I came to the house of a gentleman belonging to Portugal. I found him reading the Scriptures in the Congalee to seventy or eighty people, men, women, and children of that country, who were all very attentive. This gentleman told me that he had been led to employ some of his leisure moments in this way. "And to-morrow," said he, "as you pass my farm, mention my name and they will procure you a bed, and you will then see the effects of reading the Scriptures." The next day I called at his estate, where I saw one hundred men, women and children, who had all become converts to christianity within three or four years. I inquired how they found themselves; they appeared delighted, and thought it a happy thing for them that Europeans had translated the Scripture that they may read in their own tongue, the wonderful works of God. I had some intercourse also with an official person in that district, and I mention it because some persons tell you that nothing is done by the missionaries. I asked the Magistrate what was the conduct of these Christians, and he said, "There is something in them that does excite astonishment; the inhabitants of this district are particularly known as being so litigious and troublesome, that they have scarcely any matter but what they bring into the court of justice. But during three or four years not one of these people have brought a cause against any one, or any against them." I mention this to show that christianity will produce, in all countries, peace and happiness, to those who know the truth as it is in Jesus.—*Lieutenant Col. Phipps.*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE AGES.

A thousand years—a thousand years!  
So long a time has worn away,  
And o'er the hardening earth appears  
Green pastures mix'd with rocks of grey;  
And there huge monsters roll and feed,  
Each frame a mass of sullen life;  
Through slimy wastes and woods of reed  
They crawl and tramp, and blend in strife.

A thousand years—a thousand years!  
And o'er the wide and grassy plain,  
A human form the prospect cheers,  
The new-sprung lord of earth's domain.  
Half clad in skin he builds a cell,  
Where wife and children create a home;  
He looks to heaven with thoughts that swell,  
And owns a Might beyond the done.

A thousand years—a thousand years!  
And lo! a city and a realm;  
Its mighty pile a temple rears,  
And walls are bright with sword and helm;  
Each man is lost amid a crowd;  
Each power unknown now bears a name;  
And laws, and rites, and songs are loud;  
And myriads hail their monarch's fame.

A thousand years—a thousand years!  
And now beside the rolling sea,  
Where many a sailor nimbly steers,  
The eagle tribes are bold and free.  
The graceful shrine adorns the hill,  
The square of council spreads below;  
Their theatres a people fill,  
And list to thought's divinest flow.

A thousand years—a thousand years!  
We live amid a sterner land,  
Where laws ordained by ancient seers,  
Have trained the spirit of command;  
There pride, and policy, and war,  
With haughty fronts are gazing slow,  
And bound to their triumphal car,  
O'er master'd kings to darkness go.

A thousand years—a thousand years!  
And chivalry and faith are strong;  
And through devotion's sorrowing tears,  
Is seen high help for earthly wrong.  
Fair gleams the cross with many light,  
Beneath a dim cathedral arch;  
'Tis raised, the burgher staff of right,  
And heads the stately feudal march.

A thousand years!—How swift the chain  
That drags along our sight to-day!  
Before that sound returns again,  
The present will have stream'd away;  
And all our world of busy strength  
Will dwell in calmed halls of Time,  
And then with joy will own at length,  
Its course is fix'd, its end sublime.

## THE HOUR OF MEDITATION.

When not a breath is heard to sigh,  
When on the flower the dew is weeping,  
And, softly beaming, far on high  
The lovely stars their watch are keeping.

'Tis sweet to wander forth and muse;  
Oh! then the soul from care reposes,  
And, in its wide expanding views,  
Seeks fairer scenes than earth discloses.

Then passion's voice is hush'd to rest,  
And waked to life each holy feeling,  
And hope arises in the breast,  
Its springs of quiet bliss unsealing.

It seems as if to cheer each hour,  
An influence divine were given;  
To touch the soul with hallow'd power,  
And lift the thoughts from earth to heaven.

**THE FARMER.**—It does one's heart good to see a merry round faced farmer. So independent, and yet so free from vanities and pride. So rich, and yet so industrious; so patient and persevering in his calling, and yet so kind, social and obliging. There are a thousand noble traits about him which light up his character. He is generally hospitable—eat and drink with him, and he won't set a mark on you, and sweat it out of you with double compound interest, as some I have known will; you are welcome. He will do you a kindness without expecting a return by way of compensation; it is not so with every body. He is generally more honest and sincere—less disposed to deal in low and underhand cunning, than many that I could name. He gives to society its best support; is the firmest pillar that supports the edifice of Government; he is the lord of nature. Look at him in his homespun and gray black—gentlemen, laugh if you will, but believe me, he can laugh back if he pleases.—*N. E. Farmer.*

**Hints for Farmers.**—The Cincinnati Express has the following:

**BUFFALO BERRY.**—Every garden should contain a tree of the Buffalo Berry [Shepherdia]. The fruit is calculated to supersede the Cranberry. It ripens late in the autumn, and is very valuable.

**SWEDISH CHERRY.**—This fine cherry ripens in May, several days earlier than the May-duke. It is a hardy fruit, resisting the attack of late frosts, is an abundant bearer, of moderate size, sweet and delicious flavor, and worthy of cultivation for market fruit. There is some doubt as to its correct name. It was introduced into Ohio in 1824, from Burlington, N. J., under the above name, but may be the Portuguese Cherry of Coke.

**Mechanics.**—A portion of the world profess to regard mechanics as one degree below those individuals who have a living afforded them without

manual labor; but that portion is a small and weak one. No man of sense, no true gentleman, ever drew this line. In point of science, moral virtue, and even practical politeness, the operative mechanics of the United States are second to no class of people. The work-shop has produced as many great men as the college hall; it has done as much for natural philosophy, and more for religion, than the counting-room, and has done as much to develop intellect, as hoarded wealth. The individual, therefore, who stands up in the face of the world, and judges his fellow citizens by their ability to subsist without labor, must be destitute of one or two very necessary qualifications—experience and common sense. With these on his side, he would be enabled to see that intellect makes the man, and the operation of moral causes upon that intellect, the gentleman.—*Newburyport Herald.*

**Who is a Gentleman?**—Coleridge, in his "Table Talk," thus describes a gentleman. It is a vivid delineation:

"Whoever is open, generous and true—whoever is of humane and affable demeanor—whoever is honorable in himself, and candid in his judgment of others, and requires no law but his word to make and fulfil an engagement—such a man may be found among the tillers of the earth."

## POETRY.

THE MAILS—the mails—the mails—  
How oft we cry, it fails—it fails—it fails.

Where is the editor but that rails and rails  
At the constant failure of the mails—the mails?  
Picaque.

Upwards of 40 years ago I knew a man who willfully took 11 grains of arsenic in warm tea, in order to kill himself. It took effect immediately. Three physicians exerted their skill to save him, but to no purpose, and said he must die. By their consent, another person proposed onions, which were immediately applied to his stomach, arm pits, wrists, and tenderest parts of the body. Though he was much swelled, he immediately began to recover, and the next day went to his work. It appeared like a miracle to all who witnessed it. I have heard of onions being used for the bite of a rattlesnake, with good success, by being applied to the wound.

**Economy in Linen Washing.**—A small quantity of pipe-clay dissolved in the water employed for washing, gives the linen the appearance of having been bleached, and cleans them thoroughly with about one half of the labor, and a saving of full one-fourth of the soap. The proper method is to dissolve a little of the pipe-clay with the warm water in the washing tub, or rub a little of it together with the soap, on the articles to be washed. This process should be repeated as often as required, till the articles to be washed are made thoroughly clean. The peculiar advantage of employing this article with the soap is, that it gives the hardest water almost the softness of rain water.

Davy Crockett had a wonderful memory, of which Col. A., whom he once ran against for Congress, lately gave the following anecdote in proof. "When we began our electioneering campaign," said Col. A., "not being able to speak very well *extempore*, or rather not at all, I wrote out a speech with great care and committed it to memory. I delivered it at three several meetings, and was a good deal gratified in believing it was very well received. I had always spoken first, but at the fourth, which was a very numerous one, Crockett proposed that he should take the lead. He accordingly mounted the stand, and to my utter amazement recited every word of my speech; only changing, very slightly, a sentence or two to suit his own case. I never felt more awkward in my life. My turn to speak came, and my speech was gone—stolen—used up—and I was left without a word to say. And, to complete my mortification, the rascal was chuckling and laughing as if he had done the very cleverest thing in the world."

A sailor, looking serious in a certain chapel in Boston, was asked by the clergyman if he felt any change? whereupon the tar put his hand in his pocket, and replied, "I have not a cent."

A lawyer, being sick, made his last will, and gave all his estate to fools and madmen; being asked the reason for so doing, he answered, "From such," said he, "I had it, and to such I give it again."

**Anecdote—ON TIME.**—Two brothers, named Josiah and William, full grown boys, happened in at a store one evening, where the attention of the company was somewhat attracted by a very long watch-chain dangling at the fore-quarters of Josiah. One of the company asked, "What's the time, Josiah?" With no small ceremony, Josiah drew out his watch, and after examining it some time, referred to his brother, and said, "Brother William, is this figury nine or figury 'leven? William, after a few moments' deliberation, declared it to be "figury seven." "Well then," replied Josiah, "It lacks about half an inch of eight."

**Scene in a School-Room.**—"What studies do you intend to pursue?" said an erudite pedagogue one day, as a Johnny Raw entered his school-room. "Why, I shall study read, I 'spose, wouldn't ye?" "Yes, but will not want to read all the time; are you acquainted with figures?" "It's a pity if I am, when I've cyphered clean through adoption." "Adoption! what rule is that?" said the master. "Why, it's the double rule of two; you know that twice two is four; and according to adoption, *twice four is two*." "You may take your seat, sir," said the master. "And you may take yourn, too," said the pupil, "for it's a poor rule that won't work both ways."—*Norfolk Advocate.*

## SAMUEL DE VAUGHAN,

CUPPER, LEECHER, AND BLEEDER.  
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P. S. As several Umbrellas have lost the names by removing, the owners would much oblige if they would come and designate their Umbrellas. Sept. 23—3m

## BOARDING HOUSE.

**MRS. CONNER**, on Pennsylvania Avenue, two doors east of 4 1/2 street, and adjoining Elliot's building, can accommodate a mess of six or eight members of Congress. Her parlors and chambers have been fitted up in the best style, and are suited either for single gentlemen or families.

## THE AMERICAN ANTHOLOGY;

A Magazine of Poetry, Biography, and Criticism, to be published Monthly, with splendid illustrations on steel.

WHILE nearly every other country of the old world can boast its collected body of national poetry, on which the seal of a people's favorable judgment has been set, and which exhibits to foreign nations, in the most striking light, the progress of civilization and literary refinement among its inhabitants; while England, especially, proudly displays to the world a *corpus poetarum*, the literature of whose immortal writers has shed a brighter glory upon her name than the most splendid triumphs which her statesmen and her soldiery have achieved; our own country appears to be destitute of poetic honors. *Appears*, we say, for although no full collection of the *chef d'oeuvre* of our writers has been made, yet there exist, and are occasionally to be met with, productions of American poets which will bear comparison with the noblest and most polished efforts of European genius, and which claim for America as high a rank in the scale of literary elevation as is now ceded to older, and, in some respects, more favored lands.

Impressed with the correctness of this judgment, we propose to issue a monthly magazine which shall contain, in a perfect, unutilized form, the most meritorious and beautiful effusions of the poets of America, of the past and present time, with such introductory, critical, and biographic notices, as shall be necessary to a correct understanding of the works presented to the reader, and to add interest to the publication. Those who imagine that there exists a dearth of materials for such an undertaking, who believe that the Aonian Muses have confined their richest favors to our transatlantic brethren to the exclusion of native genius, will be surprised to learn that we are already in possession of more than two hundred volumes of the productions of American bards, from about the year 1630 to the present day. Nor is it from these sources alone that materials may be drawn. There are but few writers in our country who pursue authorship as a vocation, and whose works have been published in a collected form. Our poets, especially, have generally written for particular occasions, with the remembrance of which their productions have gone to rest, or their effusions have been carelessly inserted in periodicals of slight merit and limited circulation, where they were unlikely to attract notice to themselves, or draw attention to their authors. The grass of the fields, and the flowers of the highly gifted who, through the wild and romantic regions of the republic, have scattered poetry in "ingots, bright from the mint of genius," and glowing with the impress of beauty and the spirit of truth, a quantity sufficient, were it known and appreciated as it would be in other countries, to secure to them an honorable reputation throughout the world. Such was the case of "Crystallina" and the "Fever Dream;" SANDS, author of "Yanoyden;" WILCOX, author of "The Age of Benevolence;" FLETCHER, author of "The Savage;" LITTLE, the sweet and tender poet of Christian feeling; the lamented BRAINARD, and many besides, whose writings are almost unknown, save by their kindred associates and friends.

With the names of those poets who, within the last few years, have extended the reputation of American literature beyond the Atlantic, Bryant, Dana, Percival, Sprague, Sigourney, Whittier, Willis, &c., the public are familiar; and we can assure them that there exist, though long forgotten and unknown, a mine of poetic wealth, rich, varied, and extensive, which will amply repay the labor of exploring it, and add undying lustre to the crown which encircles the brow of American genius. In the publication now proposed, we shall rescue from the oblivion to which they have long been consigned, and embalm in a bright and imperishable form the numberless "gems of purest thought," with which our poets have enriched the antiquities of our country; we shall endeavor to give to the citizens of the United States, as tending to elevate the character of the country in the scale of nations, and assert its claims to the station to which the genius of its children entitles it. With this conviction we ask the patronage of the community to aid us in our undertaking, conscious that we are meriting its support by exhibiting to the world a proud evidence that the genius of our race, strength of her Herculean childhood, is destined to long to cope in the arena of literature with those large who, for centuries, have boasted their civilization and refinement, and justly exulted in the triumphs of their cherished sons in the noblest field which heaven has opened for human intellect.

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**THE NEW YORK LIFE Insurance and Trust Company** has a capital subscribed of one million of dollars, but in consequence of being the depository of the Court of Chancery, and of the Surrogate Courts of the State of New York, as well as of individuals, the business means have increased to upwards of five millions of dollars, as appears by a report of the Master in Chancery, dated 23d of May, 1835.

To persons in public employment, who receive fixed salaries, this institution like this affords a certain mode of securing a sufficient sum for their families at a future day; and if the object of a parent, besides that of merely making a living, is to accumulate something for the support and education of those who may be left behind, it can be realized in this way, without exhausting those energies of mind and person which are usually necessary through the ordinary struggles of life.

A person aged 30 years, whose income is \$1,000 per annum, may, by the appropriation of \$118 a year, secure to his children \$5,000, even if he should die the next day.

A husband 50 years old may provide \$400 for his wife by paying annually the small amount of \$118. At 45 years old, a clerk may create a saving fund of \$1,000, for the payment of his debts, by the annual premium of \$37 50. At 60, the same amount may be secured during a period of seven years, for the yearly payment of \$49 10.

In all minor offices of the public service, experience incumebts to lay up for anything, even for the infirmities of age, much less for the maintenance of those who survive. The labors of thirty years, are, therefore, productive of only the support of the day, and there are many sensitive and anxious hearts who live for the happiness of their families, that are harassed for years by the dreadful apprehensions of future want.

For such, a Life Insurance Company holds out relief, gives reality to hope, and, by the small economy of a few dollars per month, puts the mind at ease, and affords the means of securing it for others.

The preliminaries for effecting Insurances are very simple, being merely a declaration of age, health, and other particulars set out in the forms of office, together with a statement of the physician and friend of the applicant upon some of the same points, the blanks for which will be furnished by the agent in Washington city. As the design of the company is profit on the one side and protection to the other, and its means are a system are directed to that end, it only requires a reciprocity of good faith, to produce the mutual result of strength to itself and security to its customers.